OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

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Timely Comment
t--on Topics of Interest in--t
Church and State

There is no place in all the world for the giddy dance either for the Red Cross or for any celebration. If the young folks must do something to help the war along let them get on their knees to pray. "A countryman" writing in the Greensboro News has this to say in part of the dance: "The cries of the wounded in France and the music of the two-step in America are ascending to heaven together. Be careful, girls of America, lest the sound of your dancing drown the distress calls of your brothers who have fallen on the field of honor."

Feeling is running so high against the Germans that one can say almost anything about the Germans and not be called down. Last week after reading a long account of the activities of German spies in this country we made the statement that if there are 400,000 native Germans in this country there are 400,000 German spies. After cooling off we want to reduce that somewhat, although we are not afraid of losing a subscriber on the strength of it. No one dares to defend the German race. The innocent blood they have shed overshadows anything good they may have done, and a crushed and bleeding civilization calls to high heaven for the overthrow of this infamous race.

A good friend of Our Fatherless Ones who is well past the half-century mark and knows whereof he speaks thinks we are wrong in saying that the negroes are with few exceptions wholly unreliable as a laboring class and very untruthful. Our friend has some that are honest and dependable. We are glad to know that he is so fortunate. We know of only two or three in our acquaintance who could be classed as dependable and not one who could be classed as truthful. There are sorry white people but these have this advantage as a rule over the negroes. They are too lazy to make promises, but a negro to court favor will gladly make promises, once, twice, five or even ten times if you waste time on him, to do something he knows positively he will not do. This is the negro as we know him up here and we are glad they do better at Wilmington. They are bad to steal too, so much so that the Orphanage is hunting for a reliable night watchman to keep our things from straying.

Our friend also asserts that it is not at all uncommon for owners of automobiles to pick up people of lower station in life and carry them on their way gladly. From what we know of Wilmington this is every word true. Some of the finest, most generous and lovable people in the world live there. There are, however, other communities where one of our dear old Confederate veterans could get out and walk on the highway all day and not one of the hundreds of passing automobiles would stop to give him a lift. So many people do not think to "scatter sunshine all along the way." But we glory in and honor people who do, and are glad that our friend and his friends are kind enough to do this fine thing.

A good friend of Our Fatherless Ones is pained because we are of the opinion the Abraham Lincoln was greater than Washington. This friend is a man of the sixties—one of the heroes in gray—and he regards this as a slur at Lee and Jackson and all of those other gallant sons of our beloved Southland. Now we were only comparing the two men, but if we should want to name our greatest American Lee would head the list and Stonewall Jackson would come second. Washington is of course "Father of our Country" and should stand at the head of the list. The writer is a son of a Confederate veteran and he admires all of those noble heroes of that day, but in the light of present events he is glad the South lost, glad that Lincoln saved the great Republic that Washington established, glad that the slaves were freed, and glad that we can now present a solid front to an enemy who threatens to destroy all that our gallant fathers have lived and bled and died to establish. Our remarks were intended only for the children who are studying histories that teach hate of England in glorifying George Washington, and that teach contempt of Lincoln when he was a friend of the South at heart and withal a very kind-hearted man (but not by a thousand miles the saint some foolish people in the North regard him.) There must be no North now and no South but one Union strong and great. In the light of present events we must learn to love England. She is all that stands between us and those dreadful Huns. She is the nation that is willing to sacrifice the last man before yielding to the ruthless armies who make war on women and children. But shame on any man who does not glory in the courage and unselfishness and gallantry of our fathers. They fought for what they thought was right, although some of us see now that they were wrong, and we praise and honor them for standing loyally by home and country. The great Lee, we are told, was not in sympathy with our cause, but that mattered little when the call of duty came. We love to think of those old veterans in the parade at the Washington reunion with the banner: "D— any man who is not with his country right or wrong," as typical of the men of the entire country.

Germany is at least frank enough to admit that she cannot sink Uncle Sam's Transports because of a powerful convoy of war ships and "new devices." When the truth is known we will see that there was something significant about those "new devices." When Uncle Joe Daniels has finished putting into actions the plans of the inventors and experts that he has gathered around him Germany will be admitting that the ocean isn't deep enough to hide her submarines. The submarine problem is going to be solved and that right soon. The brains of our country are superior to German brains and we have the money and the men and the material to coin our brains into far-reaching action.

It is up to the individual whether he shall entertain angels or devils in his mental home.—DeWitt McMurry.

In general those who have nothing to say contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.—J. R. Lowell.

How Long Shall I Give.

"Go break to the needy sweet charity's bread,
For giving is living," the Angel said.
"And must I be giving again and again?"
My peevish and pitiless answer ran.
"Oh, no," said the Angel, piercing me thru;
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."
—Selected.

HOME HAPPENINGS

—We were glad to see warmer weather this week. All early vegetables were calling for sunshine.

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—Mrs. L. B. Sloan, at one time matron at Lees Cottage has returned to become matron at Round Knob.

• • •

—Miss Una Moore who has been the faithful and efficient matron at Round Knob for several years has given up the work much to the regret of her many friends here.

• • •

—One of our girls was bitten by a dog this week belonging to a negro near here. It was not thought that the dog had rabies, but it was killed and its head sent to Raleigh to be on the safe side.

• • •

—For the first time in ten years base ball fever has failed to attack our boys. There is nothing doing along this line as the boys are too busy keeping up with war news.

• • •

—"How many Germans have they killed?" That is a question a small lad asks us every day. After figures have failed us we can only reply "more than they can find room to bury."

• • •

—The Orphanage has sold about all the young dairy cattle it has for sale. Those intending to buy from us should make haste else they will be too late. Only a few more are for sale this season.

• • •

—Messrs F. A. Sherrill, A. B. Johnston and A. J. Axley of Statesville were here Tuesday in the interest of Liberty Bonds and they made a right good haul considering that no one connected with the Orphanage is wealthy or ever aspires to be.

• • •

—The Orphanage is the owner of "a camouflage." What? Yes, we own "a camouflage." That's what the boys call it. It is a second-hand Ford made over into a truck, and when the boys want to ride right badly then it won't run. It is right smartly named, and there are plenty more like it.

• • •

—Many of the boys at the Orphanage have nick names, and one wears Bull-dog. A heavy truck was being loaded by some darkies and the boys were crowding around. Some one shouted, "Get out of the way, Bull-dog!" At once the darkies sought safety and one perched high up poked his head cautiously out and said, "Whar dat bull-dog?" —Ex.

• • •

The fellow who always talks of following "the line of least resistance" is as likely as not to be traveling in a rut.

—Miss Victoria Hudson and Miss Annis Barnette attended Concord Presbyterial at Hickory this week.

• • •

—Miss Mary Shoaf has returned to her place in the school after being home for ten days with her father who was ill.

• • •

—The weather is a mixture of hot and cold. One day you want to leave off your coat and vest. The next day you want your overcoat.

• • •

The spring clothing boxes are coming in to gladden the hearts of our children. "Our clothing people" are friends that have always proved faithful and true.

• • • •

—The Orphanage has never planted any cotton and would not do so now. We cannot eat it, and are interested more in planting something we can eat.

• • • •

—The Orphanage peach crop gives all the promise of last year, but our neighbors report that the crops will be light. We attribute our good fortune to pruning and spraying.

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—The ladies are going right ahead with their plans to erect a dining room and kitchen for our Orphanage. So far the cause has met with only hearty approval.

• • •

—A great many of our people saw the "shooting star" or exploded meteor in the western sky Tuesday night shortly after eight o'clock, which illuminated the sky and left behind a trail of smoke and fire which was visible for half an hour.

• • • •

"A small boy who had been very naughty was first reprimanded, then told he must take a whipping. He flew up stairs and hid in a far corner of the bed. Just then the father came home. The mother told him what had occurred. He went up stairs and proceeded to crawl under the bed toward the youngster, who whispered excitedly, 'Hello, Pop, is she after you too?'"

An old negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No suh; I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."—Everybody's Magazine.

Who mounts a hobby soon rides off the field of usefulness.

Service Flags.

They are not authorized by the government, these white flags with red borders and blue stars in the centre, one star for each member of the household or of the business establishment who is in the war service; the nation has not formally adopted them among its emblems, yet who is not glad of them, and proud of them? No more meaningful and inspiring symbol has come out of the war, or is likely to come. The service flag stands for the devotion of the family or the business concern, for fond memory, for high honor. The soldier knows that it is flying at home, and is determined never to disgrace it. The service flag, in the narrower and more familiar circle, does what the national flag does in a broad way, typifying patriotism and courage and faith and consecration. May every occupied building the land have its service flag, either visible, for those on the field or invisible to all but God, for those whose hearts are in this great struggle, who would go if they could, and who are doing what they can for the victory of the right.—Sel.

—History teaches that Lincoln was envious of the great prosperity of the South, that he was a fomenter of trouble and an oppressor, so the writer gives up the task of persuading our boys that he was a man of destiny raised up to save the Union for greater things and to free the black man, as a task altogether impossible. It is certain that no other poor boy, without education, without money and without social position and political pull will ever again sit in the presidents chair unless indeed he be a man of destiny with rugged honesty and unflagging determination to do one thing for which an oppressed humanity is crying to heaven for relief and do it well. Woodrow Wilson already has the earmarks of being a man of destiny. He was forced out as president of Princeton University because he wanted to stamp out the aristocracy there and make it a democratic school where the poor boy could have equal opportunities with the rich. He then applied for a Carnegie pension, but was turned down. Necessity forced him into politics. Destiny elected him Governor of New Jersey, a state overwhelmingly republican. Again destiny (or was it a higher power?) created division in the ranks of the opposing party and he became president of the United States. After four years the opposing party united to overthrow him and by all human calculations should have done so, but the inevitable must be, and when the votes were counted he was retained for greater things. Time only will tell why destiny has leaned heavily on Woodrow Wilson. If he shall be the means of casting down from their thrones kings, and emperors, and czars, and above all kaisers, and all other self-appointed lords, and really making the whole world safe for democracy, then he will loom up as greater than Washington and Lee and Lincoln and our histories will need to be rewritten.

• • •

The prophets are still working on the "666" and figuring that William is the "Beast" of Revelation. William is a beast, of course, we know that; but as for him being the beast of Revelation these pious cranks know no more about it than a jaybird.—Charity and Children.

We would like to believe that Bill Kaiser is the "Beast" for it says that the number of the beast is the number of a man. It is to be hoped that the "Beast" when his day does come cannot exceed the present beast in frightfulness. If so the world is only in the morning of its sorrow, and our dream of world peace was a dream sure enough.

A Ford boat a day keeps the u-boat away.—Kansas Star.

SHALL WE HAVE A New Dining Room and Kitchen?

As far as Albemarle and Wilmington Presbyterials are concerned this question has been answered in the affirmative. What will the remaining five Presbyterial Auxiliaries decide to do? This is the question we are asking ourselves. In two weeks time this question will be answered one way or the other.

Albemarle and Wilmington Presbyterial Auxiliaries, without a dissenting vote, passed on the proposed new building. The interest and enthusiasm manifested was fine. This is most encouraging when we consider the vast amount of Home Mission work that is done in these two Presbyterics their distance from the Orphanage and the comparatively small number of Societies in each. Both Presbyterials were apportioned liberal shares of the $25,000 the total cost of the building, but in no instance did there seem to be any objection raised to the amounts apportioned. Mesdames J. T. French of Wilmington, and W. T. Clark of Wilson deserve special mention for the splendid work they have done in helping to work up sentiment for the new building.

It was a real pleasure to attend the Presbyterials and see again many whom I have had the privilege of knowing in their homes. Fellowship is one of the delightful features of the Presbyterial Auxiliary meetings which coupled with the inspiration one receives, makes it well worth the time and money spent attending them. It was very encouraging to note that in practically all the reports Barium had a good showing. A Woman's Auxiliary in the Church of the Covenant at Wilmington, right after being organized adopted a budget of $150.00 to be raised in two months. At the end of that time, by special gifts, the budget was brought up to $212-00, $15.00 of which went to the Orphanage. They now are considering taking the board and clothing of one of our children, which would mean $110.00 for this new Society.

Have just come from Henderson and found a live church and Sunday school doing big things for our cause as well as the other causes. Last Sunday, without special effort, their Sunday school contributed over $20.00 for the Home. They take a monthly collection for the Orphanage. What a splendid thing it would be for our Institution if all the Sabbath schools would keep up with this pace, and it is not unreasonable to expect that at least some effort be made by all of the Schools that are doing little or nothing for the home now.—Field Secretary.

Where are You.

Are you satisfied with your lot in life? Have you reached your goal? Perhaps you are resting on your oars and are not striving to "get on" a little farther. If you are drifting or resting make the lull in your course only for a breathing spell to gain added power. Go forward. Pray for obstacles that you may overcome them. Love to combat the difficulties you find in your way. Leave the easy things for tenderfoots. Blaze a path for other men. Don't ask how. That's up to you. The man that finds the way and leads is the man that takes the foremost place in life. Master you will and shape it to that end, for as Browning says, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?"—Ex.

"So you were in the battle of the Marne?"

"Ye, ma'am," replied the tramp.

"What can you tell me about that great fight?"

"Not a word, ma'am. I'm on my honor not to reveal a thing I saw or did. That's a very strict military rule."—Detriot Press.

Our Fatherless Ones

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Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1918

A Wind That Blows From Picardy.

Black-eyed girl in the garden close,
Hemming the sheet so fine and white,
Why do you start when falls a rose?
The full blown rose was his delight.

Brown-haired woman, tired and wan,
Pressing a babe to the heavy breast—
The breast he loved to slumber on—
Why do you stir with vague unrest?

Gray-haired mother, kneeling alone,
Plucking the weeds from the pansy bed—
The g ntle flow rs he called his own—
Why do you pause and lift your head?

A wind that blows from Picardy—
From Picardy, where lie the slain—
A wind that blows from Picardy
Is breathing low beside the lane.

—Paul Scott Mowrer.

* * *

"Feed two birds with the same corn." How can you do it? Give the Orphanage a Liberty Bond. That will do the trick.

Anyway we are glad that the Germans are able to bend our lines in France. Anything that will bend is not near so apt to break.

The infamous Huns are fighting like the cave men of the Dark Ages to place their yoke on the world but democracy is arrayed against her to the last man and our forces are bound to win.

Our American boys are standup to the last man and holding the Huns back. They are meeting them in superior numbers and holding the line everywhere. Their heroism and fine courage is beyond praise.

"Our country is active partner in the biggest, bitterest and most awful war that this world has ever known. This spring will be a trying one finacially, and it is already exceedingly trying at the Orphanage. We are not getting the money to meet the necessary expenses, and most of the men with whom we deal say that they will have to have cash for the articles purchased of them. We exhort our friends not to let the Orphanage cause be side-tracked. War and pestilence and trouble should not divert us from our well planned enterprise of caring for the orphans. We have determined to do this work and we must not be slackers in it. The assistance of every one who reads these lines is requested in the great work of feeding, clothing and teaching the orphan children." So says "The Connie Maxwell, and the same is true with us.

Wife (returned from overnight visit)—Did you get yourself a good dinner last evening, dear?

Hub—Yes, there was a bit of steak in the ice box and I choked it with a few onions I found in the cellar.

Wife—onions? Jack, you've eaten my bulbs.—Boston "Transcript"

Fill The Market Basket.

During the spring and summer months every able-bodied person who is not in active war service ought to get up earlier than is his custom and work in his garden. There will be few persons outside the tenement districts of the cities who will not have some kind of garden this year. The success of the war garden, its value as a contribution to the war, will be measured entirely by the intensive cultivation that the owner is willing to give it. Good seed and fertilizer are essential, of course but they are not of themselves sufficient to produce good results; and the gardener who buys good seed and fertilizer and then plants his garden only to neglect it is in his little way a slacker. He not only is not helping the cause of conservation along, he is hindering it by wasting materials that in the possession of another might have been three or four times as productive.

To lay out your garden with mathematical accuracy and artistic eye, to dig it deep and fertilize it well, to harrow it and rake it and smooth it, to plant it with care, to exult over the small green rows when they appear, to hoe and water and weed, to thin out the plants that grow too thick—there is no better occupation for the early morning or early evening hours, except indeed harvesting the crops when they ripen. To work late in the garden and to go to bed early means usually that you will get up early to do some early work in the garden. It means a saving at both ends of the day. It means filling not only the market basket but the barrels and the bins and the glass jars; it means taking yourself and your family out of vegetable market, and leaving for some family that could not do any gardening the food that you, if you had not labored with your hands, would have bought; it means relieving the railways of the necessity of keeping you supplied with articles that you can produce; it means helping to keep alive the bodies and the spirit of our allies, and doing your share toward winning the war. Are not those reasons enough for conquering the slugabed laziness of the morning, the apathy of late afternoon, for toiling and sweating and blistering and aching, and for being glad to undergo discomfort and weariness?

Fill the market basket, fill the barrels and the bins and the glass jars!—Youth's Companion.

General Pershing, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, sent to the Third Liberty Loan Committees this appeal:

"Every dollar subscribed as a result of self-denial means partnership in the hardships and and risks of our men in the trenches.

"Every dollar subscribed will confirm the determination of our people at home to stand by its army to a victorious end.

"An overwhelming subscription to the Third Liberty Loan will be a patriotic expression of confidence in our ability as a nation to maintain all that we hold dear in civilization.

The General Assembly of our church will meet this year as usual. The commissions whose good fortune it is to attend are not going to be deprived of the trip because we must stay at home. But after all has been said it is doubtless wise and proper that the Assembly should gather as usual. The expense of the Assembly was the only thing standing 'gainst the meeting, and as a general thing, any economy that begins with the church is false economy.

A Liberty Loan rally is a fine thing, but church is not the place for it. Sunday is not the day. At Rome, Ga., there has been considerable feeling about this matter. It was proposed to hold a rally and parade with brass bands in place of the morning worship. The preachers protested and the parade was called off, but a bunch of fools carried out an indignation parade.

Getting Our Men to Europe.

It was good to hear the announcement of Secretary Crowell on April 8 that the transportation of American troops to France is proceeding at an accelerated rate. It will be recalled that Secretary Baker said before the Senate Military Committee that we should have more than a half a million men in France by January 1, 1918, and 1,500,000,000 by the end of the year. That means that an average of 20,000 would have to be got across every week of the year. The largest ship carrying soldiers is the "Leviathan," rated to carry 10,000 men. But very few of our ships can carry as many as 5,000, while the average is not more than 2,500. The average weekly transportation at this rate would be eight ship loads of soldiers. Many more ships are doubtless now in use if the rate has been accelerated. According to a plan agreed upon by Secretary Baker and allied officials the American soldiers are to be brigaded with British or French troops and thus fitted for active service within 30 days after reaching France. After they are thoroughly trained they will be withdrawn from allied brigades and turned over to General Pershing as a part of his army. This arrangement seems to have general approval. Our people want our boys to have a chance, and the boys themselves are most anxious for it.

Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board is asking Congress for an appropriation of $50,000,000 to build concrete ships. For their construction five government yards are to be established at once, three on the Atlantic coast, one of which is to be at Wilmington in this State. The concrete ships to be constructed will be of 7,500 tons burden, and will be oil tankers, the type most likely to be a success. For the concrete ship is yet regarded by experts as a "gamble." The hull of only one is yet in the water. This is being completed in California. She has been named the "Faith." Her behavior during her initial voyage will be of much interest. If she proves entirely seaworthy the submarine menace is gone—for concrete ships and transports can be constructed much more rapidly than any other kind of vessel.—State Journal.

The Prohibition Situation at the Beginning of 1918.

A survey of the wet and dry situation throughout the country, just completed by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist church, shows that there are 2,374 dry counties and 615 wet counties. This is a dry gain for the year 1917 of 88 counties.

The year 1917 gave the drys state-wide victory in New Hampshire, Utah and Indiana by legislative action and in New Mexico by vote of the people. Iowa failed by a small majority to make its prohibition constitutional. Ohio reduced its wet majority almost to the vanishing point. New Jersey elected a local option legislature and Kentucky elected one pledged to submission of state prohibition and ratification of the national amendment. New York added 195 towns to its dry list, and Illinois closed saloons in the state capital.

The United States supreme court upheld the Webb-Kenyon anti-shipping law and sustained the rigid Idaho bone dry law.

Congress voted the District of Columbia dry, passed the Reed bone dry law, shutting liquors out of all prohibition states, enacted a law prohibiting the sending of advertising of liquors through the mails into states where it is forbidden, enacted prohibition for Alaska in response to the action of the people at the polls, made Porto Rico a prohibition territory, forbade the sale of liquors to sailors and soldiers, prohibited the manufacture and importation of distilled liquors during the war, gave the president power to stop brewing to save grain, and submitted an amendment to the constitution for national prohibition.—Baptist World.

Whatever else can be said to the discredit of New York City it cannot be said that she is stingy in subscribing money for the government. New York knows full well that Germany would strike first at New York and this alone is enough to key her up to do her utmost to "down" the Hun.

Gems of Thought for Every Day Living.

The Whiners.

I don't mind the man with redblooded kick
At a real or fanciful wrong;
I can stand for the chap with a grouch if he's quick
To drop it when joy comes along.
I have praise for the fellow who says what he thinks,
Though his thoughts may not fit in with mine,
But spare me from having to mix with the ginks
Who go through this world with a whine.

I am willing to listen to sinner or saint
Who is willing to fight for his rights,
And there's something sometimes in an honest complaint
That the soul of me really delights.
For kickers are useful and grouches are wise,
For their purpose is frequently fine,
But spare me from having to mix with the guys
Who goes through this world with a whine.

Does An Education Pay?

Does it pay to escape being a rich ignoramus?

Does it pay to learn how to make life a glory instead of a grind?

Does it pay to add power to the lens of the microscope or telescope?

Does it pay a diamond to have its facets ground, to let in the light, to reveals its hidden wealth of splendor?

Does it pay to have expert advice and training, to have high ideals held up to one in the most critical years of one's life?

Does it pay to open a little wider the door of a narrower life? To push out one's horizon in order to get a wider outlook, a clearer vision?

Does it pay to experience the joy of self-discovery, to open up whole continents of possibilities in one's nature which might otherwise remain undiscovered?—"The New Success" for January.

Have a good word for everybody. The only man who has a right to look down on others is the man in an airship. Even the tombstones speak well of those beneath them.—J. H. Turner.

Nature knows no pause and attaches a curse to all inaction. Bicycles and men fall the moment they cease moving. The first external indication of dry-rot in a man is a tendency to lurk and lounge. Laziness grows on the people. It begins in a cobweb, and ends in iron chains. Do it now! Take the tide at the flood. Don't wait until it runs out and leaves you stranded on the flats. Inactivity is the sepulchre of the living man.—Ex.

* * * *

The war which now involves the whole world is, on the part of the Allies, avowedly a war not for conquest, for revenge, or for economic advantage, but a war to restore the rule of law and to establish durable peace. No other war has ever been fought for a like motive. This explains the fact that it has been entered upon by the several allied peoples not with shouting, with excitement, or with wild demonstration, but with restraint, with firm conviction, and with stern resolve. The aim of the war is to stop war so far as this is humanly possible—President Butler, of Columbia University.

* * *

The far-famed "Hen and pullet" order of the Food Administration which became effective Feb. 1st and which was designed to prevent the slaughter of laying stock during the heavy laying and breeding season, has accomplished its purpose so well that the Food Administration has amended the order to make it expire Friday night the 19th instead of the 30th instant. The order has resulted in an increase of several million dozen to the egg supply of the country.

"Today."

Sure, this world is full of trouble—
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough and double
Reason for complaint
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray:
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but say,
Ain't it fine today?

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,
Life, it ain't no celebration.
Trouble? I've had mine—
But today is fine.

—Business Philosopher.

WANTED

VOLUNTEERS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE

ORPHAN SALVAGE DIVISION

OF THE CHURCH MILITANT

All Presbyterian Sunday Schools in the Synod of North Carolina are, (or should be,) Recruiting Stations for Enlistment in this Arm of the Service. All Able-bodied Christians, of either sex, and of any age, are hereby called to the colors. Prove your loyalty to the King of Kings by your enlistment in this service Now. A Collection Once a Month from Every Presbyterian Sunday-school in North Carolina is the Slogan of the Orphanage for the Year 1918

DON'T BE A SLACKER!

High School Graduate

IF YOU ARE THINKING OF GOING TO

Davidson College

Next fall, get your High School Certificate in early.

Our Rooms Are Full This Year

And no rooms will be definitely assigned until your certificate is accepted for entrance. First come first served. Write and mention this paper and

Get Folder of Campus Views

Registrar Davidson College,
DAVIDSON, N. C.

Wonderful

Barium Spring Water

Relieves in Many Chronic Cases When Drugs Fail.

Barium Rock Water Corrects Stomach and Kidney Disorders.

F. M. Shannonhouse, Charlotte, N. C., writes: "I was suffering from shattered nerves and disordered stomach and kidneys, and the Barium Rock Springs Water brought a speedy cure." Others testify to even more remarkable cures but we do not ask you to take their word or ours. We guarantee you relief. If you are suffering from stomach, kidney, liver or bowel trouble—if you have rheumatism, gout or other ailments caused by uric acid poisoning, send $2.00 for ten gallons of Barium Rock Water. After drinking this extraordinary water according to directions. If you are not benefitted, tell us so and we will refund your $2.00. It is understood that the empty demijohns are to be returned prepaid. If you want further proof of the efficacy of this water, write for statements from many prominent people who have been benefitted by drinking it.

Barium Rock Water Relieves Weak and Nervous People.

Barium Rock Water is being prescribed by many physicians in the treatment of nervous debility and as a tonic and flesh-building. They also recommend it in cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, eczema and diseases arising from uric acid poisoning and for disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

Mr. J. W. McCoy, of Charlotte, N. C., writes: "I had a violent case of typhoid fever and for three years was a nervous wreck. I was totally unfit for any kind of business. I suffered continually from my stomach. My improvement began with the use of Barium Rock Water and I was entirely cured."

If you are weak and nervous, if you suffer from melancholia, hysteria or are afflicted with any of the above diseases, send $2.00 for ten gallons. If it fails to relieve your case, we will refund your $2.00. It is understood that the empty demijohn are to be returned prepaid. Address Barium Springs Co., Barium Springs, N. C.

Barium Springs Co.

Box O. 99. Barium Springs, N. C.

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All furnished you of best quality, and at most reasonable prices.

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SOUTHERN HARDWARE Company

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

REV. W. T. WALKER

Superintendent and Treasurer,

BARIUM SPRINGS, : : N. C.

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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How to Send Money and Supplies.

Money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Treasurer, Barium Springs, North Carolina.

We can handle Bank checks Express money orders or Post Office money orders, as you prefer to send. We have Express and P. O. money order offices here.

Supplies can be sent by express or freight.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be made previously to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent, and Express or Freight Bill of Lading inclosed.

Telegrams should be addressed to us at Statesville, N. C. 'Phone 908 green 2

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, North Carolina:

I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * *

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

Great Wheat Stocks Isolated.

It's the shortage in ships that is putting the Allies and the United States on wheat rations. Great stocks of wheat are isolated in India, and Australia. At great sacrifice in ship space and use the Allies are forced to secure some wheat from Argentina.

On January 1, Australia had stored 100,000,000 bushels of wheat that was ready for export—but there were no ships. Then came the new crop with an exportable surplus of 80,000,000 bushels. Now Australia has approximately 180,000,000 bushels waiting for ships.

India, at the same time, had 70,000,000 bushels of wheat stored for export. During April 50,000,000 bushels more out of the new crop will be added to the pile.

Argentina closed the last shipping season with 11,000,000 bushels of wheat left in the stock available for export. The new crop will add 135,000,000 to the left over.

It is not a problem that the wheat does not exist in the world—it is entirely a problem of shipping, which has thrown on America the obligation of dividing our stock with the Allies.

Dangerous Optimism.

Until very recently, optimism has been one of the greatest dangers besetting the Allies. At the beginning they had greatly superior numbers. Right was on on their side, and they could not fail to win. Germany was hemmed in on every side, and could soon be starved in subjection. The battle of the Marne increased the optimistic spirit of the Allies, and led them to believe that the end would soon come. The Allies failed to properly estimate the strength of the enemy. Germany was, and is, prosecuting the war with the greatest military machine the world has ever known, while the Allies thought they could "muddle through" and win.

The Allies believed that strikes and revolutions in Germany would force her to sue for peace and Germany encouraged this belief. Indeed, this was part of the propaganda of the Invisible Army.—Ex.

Mrs. Erwin was showing Selma, the new Swedish maid "the ropes."

"This," said Mrs. Erwin, "is my son's room. He is in Yale."

"Ya?" Selma's face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brudder ban there, too."

"Is that so?" What year?"

"Ach! he ban got no year. He ban punch a man in the eye, and the joodge sny, 'You Axel, sixty days in jail'!"

U. S. Must Cut Use Of Wheat by One-Half

America Consumed 42,000,000 Bushels Monthly. From Now Until Harvest Must Use Only 21,000,000.

RATION PER PERSON IS 1½ POUNDS OF WHEAT PRODUCTS WEEKLY

Military Necessity Calls for Greater Sacrifice Here—Allied War Bread Must Be Maintained—Our Soldiers and Sailors to Have Full Allowance.

If we are to furnish the Allies with the necessary proportion of wheat to maintain their war bread from now until the next harvest, and this is a military necessity, we must reduce our monthly consumption to 21,000,000 bushels a month, as against our normal consumption of about 42,000,000 bushels, or 50 per cent. of our normal consumption. This is the situation as set forth by the U. S. Food Administration at Washington. Reserving a margin for distribution to the army and for special cases, leaves for general consumption approximately 1½ pounds of wheat products weekly per person. The Food Administration's statement continues: Many of our consumers are dependent upon bakers' bread. Such bread must be durable and therefore, requires a larger proportion of wheat products than cereal breads baked in the household. Our army and navy require a full allowance. The well-to-do in our population can make greater sacrifices in the consumption of wheat products than can the poor. In addition, our population in the agricultural districts, where the other cereals are abundant, are more skilled in the preparation of breads from these other cereals than the crowded city and industrial populations.

With improved transportation conditions we now have available a surplus of potatoes. We also have in the spring months a surplus of milk, and we have ample corn and oats for human consumption. The drain on rye and barley, as substitutes, has already greatly exhausted the supply of these grains.

To effect the needed saving of wheat we are wholly dependent upon the voluntary assistance of the American people and we ask that the following rules shall be observed:

1. Householders to use not to exceed a total of 1½ pounds per week of wheat products per person. This means not more than 1¾ pounds of Victory bread containing the required percentage of substitutes and one-half pound of cooking flour, macaroni, crackers, pastry, pies, cakes, wheat breakfast cereals, all combined.

2. Public eating places and clubs to observe two wheatless days per week, Monday and Wednesday, as at present. In addition thereto, not to serve to any one guest at any one meal an aggregate of breadstuffs, macaroni, crackers, pastry, pies, cakes, wheat breakfast cereals, containing a total of more than two ounces of wheat flour. No wheat products to be served unless specially ordered. Public eating establishments not to buy more than six pounds of wheat products for each ninety meals served, thus conforming with the limitations requested of the householders.

3. Retailers to sell not more than one-eighth of a barrel of flour to any town customer at any one time and not more than one-quarter of a barrel to any country customer at any one time, and in no case to sell wheat products without the sale of an equal weight of other cereals.

4. We ask the bakers and grocers to reduce the volume of Victory bread sold, by delivery of the three-quarter pound loaf where one pound was sold before, and corresponding proportions in other weights. We also ask bakers not to increase the amount of their wheat flour purchases beyond 70 per cent. of the average monthly amount purchased in the four months prior to March 1.

5. Manufacturers using wheat products for non-food purposes should cease such use entirely.

6. There is no limit upon the use of other cereals, flours, and meals, corn, barley, buckwheat, potato flour, et cetera.

Many thousand families throughout the land are now using no wheat products whatever, except a very small amount for cooking purposes, and are doing so in perfect health and satisfaction. There is no reason why all of the American people who are able to cook in their own households cannot subsist perfectly well with the use of less wheat products than one and one-half pounds a week, and we specially ask the well-to-do households in the country to follow this additional programme in order that we may provide the necessary marginal supplies for those parts of the community less able to adapt themselves to so large a proportion of substitutes.

In order that we shall be able to make the wheat exports that are absolutely demanded of us to maintain the civil population and soldiers of the allies and our own army, we propose to supplement the voluntary co-operation of the public by a further limitation of distribution, and we shall place at once restrictions on distribution which will be adjusted from time to time to secure as nearly equitable distribution as possible. With the arrival of harvest we should be able to relax such restrictions. Until then we ask for the necessary patience, sacrifice and co-operation of the distributing trades.

BLOOD or BREAD
Others are giving their blood
You will shorten the war
save life if you eat only what
you need and waste nothing
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

The Humorous Side of Life.

"As I was going over the ridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Patsy O'Brien. 'O'Brien,' I says, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Brad!' says he. 'Brady,' says I 'that's not my name.' 'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not O'Brien.' With that we looked again at each other and sure enough it was naither of us."—Ex.

John Wesley, walking in Bath, came face to face with Beau Nash. The path was narrow, and one or the other would have to give way. The fashionable Master of Ceremonies looked the Methodist up and down said, "I never make way for fools!" John Wesley promptly stepped aside and retorted "Oh, I always do!"

A man who was visiting in a down east town was charged by rumor with dragging his wife from a certain meeting and compelling her to return home with him. The man let the story travel until he had a fair opportunity to give it a broadside, and then he replied in the local paper as follows:

"In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views nor her choice of a meeting.

"Second, my wife did not attend the meeting in question.

"In the third place, I did not attend the meeting myself.

"To conclude, neither my wife nor myself had any inclination to go to the meeting.

"Finally, I never had a wife."—Continent

She Had Not The Heart.

A country woman came along the railway platform and sat on a seat beside a hospital nurse who was waiting for a train. With a sigh of relief she disposed of her parcels and umbrella. Then, says, Answers, she began to chat.

"Ah," she said, looking at the nurse's uniform admiringly, "I don't know what we'd do without the likes of you."

"Oh, you are too kind!" protested the nurse "I'm sure you do things as worthy every day."

"Not me, miss," said the old lady. "I can kill a duck or fowl with the best—that I admit. But when it comes to human bein's, my heart fails me."

Mark Twain says that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first and the experience did not affect his abiding good nature, says Boys' Life, the Boy Scouts' magazine. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion the subject of literary vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision would meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely.

"Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel, I kept it, and so became rich."

"Carry yer bag, sir?" said an eager urchin to a man on Forty-second street hurrying towards the Grand Central Station.

"No, thanks!" replied the man shortly.

"I'll carry it all the way for a dime," persisted the lad.

"I tell you I don't want it carried" retorted the man.

"Don't ver?"

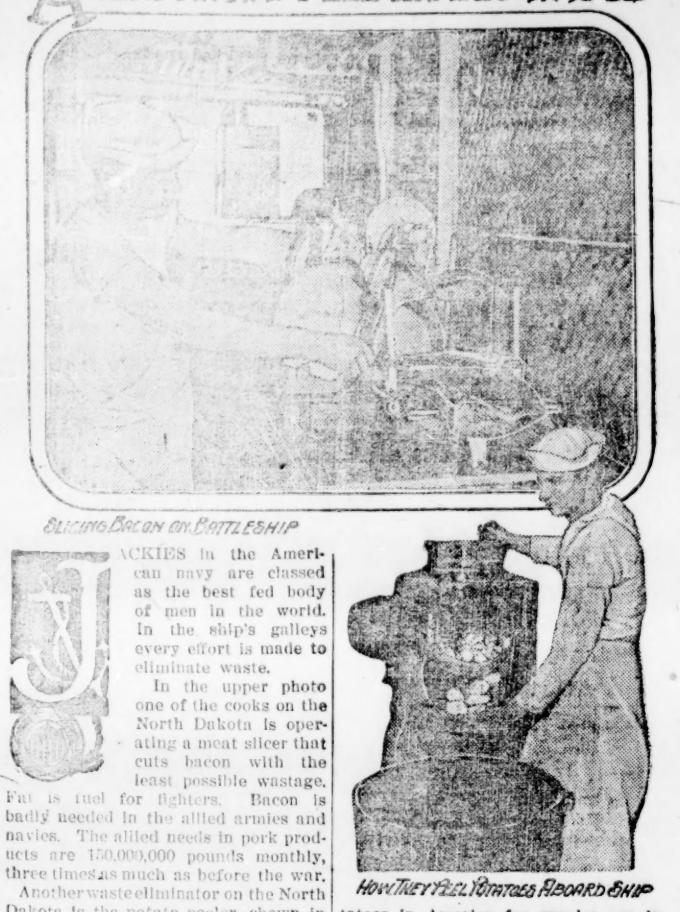
"No, I don't!"

The lad broke into a quick trot to keep up with his victim's hasty strides, as he asked in innocent curiosity:

"Then what are you carrying it for?"

Advertisement in a rural New England weekly! "Wanted, a steady, respectable young man to look after a garden and care for a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."—Christian Register.

AMERICAN NAVY ELIMINATES WASTE



SLICING BACON ON BATTLESHIP

HOW THEY PEEL POTATOES ABOARD SHIP

JACKIES in the American navy are classed as the best fed body of men in the world. In the ship's galleys every effort is made to eliminate waste.

In the upper photo one of the cooks on the North Dakota is operating a meat slicer that cuts bacon with the least possible wastage. Fat is fuel for fighters. Bacon is badly needed in the allied armies and navies. The allied needs in pork products are 150,000,000 pounds monthly, three times as much as before the war.

Another waste eliminator on the North Dakota is the potato peeler, shown in the lower photo. Nothing is lost except the actual potato skin.

There is a sufficient quantity of potatoes in America for greater use in every home and for all needs of army and navy. Eat more potatoes, eat less wheat.

Plan Your War Garden Now; Save Time and Money.

HELP INCREASE OUR EXPORT FOOD STOCKS

IN CITY and country more war gardens are needed this year than ever before. Patriotism prompted 2,000,000 Americans to plant gardens last year, according to estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture. Transportation facilities of the nation will be strained this year hauling munitions of war and foods for the Allies. The surplus food created by home gardens will help in the railroad problem. And the nation will eat less of the goods we must export—wheat, meat, fats and sugar. Every boy and girl that helps with the garden is helping win the war. Leaflets of instruction in garden making may be secured from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, upon request, without charge.

Form of Bequest.

To the Presbyterian Orphans Home,
Barium Springs, North Carolina:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina the following:_____
to be applied by them to the purposes of the Orphanage

The above form of bequest is furnished for the benefit and convenience of those who may wish to leave the Presbyterian Orphans Home money or property, but who may not know how to proceed in the matter. This form is also inserted to attract the attention of brethren and sisters who have means that could not be given to a more worthy cause. There are many bethren and sisters who have means that we hope will be given to care for the helpless children who have no fathers and mothers.

Any one who makes a bevuest may specify the direct use of the money or property given.

Will not a large number of persons, in writing their wills, remember to leave something to aid the helpless and save them from gnorance and often degradation?

THE OLD RELIABLE ACME FERTILIZERS

FAMOUS FOR THEIR PRODUCING POWER

Brands Perfectly Manipulated, of Highest Grade Materials and Always in Splendid mechanical Condition.

Manufactured by an Independent Home Company.

Are Offered to the Trade for the Twenty-Eighth Year.

ACME MANUFACTURING CO.

William Gilchist, President, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Short Stories for the Boys and Girls

April a Funny Cloak.

Funny little April
Had a cloak of snow;
March had given it to her
When he had to go.

Laughing little April
One warm sunny day,
Playing withthe sunbeams,
Threw her cloak away.

Tearful little April
Found her cloak again,
Melted to a soft, white cloud
With a fringe of rain.
—The Little One.

* * *

Why Bob Was Tardy.

Miss Rudd's pupils were very seldom tardy. At the end of every month she took a picture of all those who had not been absent or tardy, and at the end of the term she was going to give the pictures to all who had perfect records.

When Bob was promoted to Miss Rudd's room, he decided that he was going to be in every picture.

The last week of the term had come, and Bob had never been absent or tardy. On Monday morning, as Miss Rudd went to school, she passed her boys playing ball two squares from school. She called to them. "Don't be late," and they yelled back: "We won't."

Fifteen minutes later the first bell rang, and the boys started for school. But they stopped at the corner, for there stood a little boy crying dismally.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked one of the boys.

"Ise lost! I can't find my house!" he sobbed.

"Who is he? Where does he live?"

"I know him," said Bob as he turned the little fellow round and pointed down the street. "You go down this street, Jack, and you'll find your home."

But Jack hung to Bob's hand, still sobbing: "Ise lost! You take me home!"

"You'll be late if you do," said another boy.

"The second bell is 'most ready to ring now," he added.

Bob tried to pulled away, but Jack clung to him.

"Hurry, Bob," called one of the boys. "Leave the kid alone. He can find his way."

"I'll take him part of the way," answered Bob, picking up Jack and trying to run. But Bob was only eight, and Jack was a fat little boy; so Bob could not run very fast. They had gone two or three blocks when the second bell rang.

Bob hastily dropped Jack and ran for the school. He saw the last line disappear and the teacher close and lock the side door, so he had to go around to the big front door.

"It's his own fault, Miss Rudd," one of the boys was saying as Bob walked into the room. "We told him to leave the little kid alone."

Bob said nothing, for he was trying to keep back the tears; and Miss Rudd did not ask any questions.

On Friday Miss Rudd did a queer thing. Just before it was time to read the names of those who were to be in the picture she told a story. It sounded familiar, for it was about a teacher who took pictures of her scholars who were not tardy and a boy named Charles. Once when the boys were running to school they found a little bird that had fallen out of its nest, and Charles climbed the tree to put it back; but it made him late to school. As Miss Rudd told of the poor frightened little bird and how kind Charles was to her the pupils smiled their satisfaction. Miss Rudd said that some one who saw Charles climb the tree told his teacher, and she excused him and let him be in the picture.

Then Miss Rudd read the names of her pupils who had not been tardy, but she did not read Bob's name.

"Say, Miss Rudd," said one of the boys, "I think little boys are worth more than little birds."

"I do too," said Miss Rudd, smiling.

"Let Bob be in the picture," said two of the other boys.

"He was tardy, you know."

"But you could 'scuse him 'cause the little kid was lost."

"All who want to excuse Bob, hold up their hands."

Every hand went up.

And that is why Bob had his picture taken, even though he had been tardy.

Margaret Denny Dixon.

The Meeting Side.

When the eight-day clock one morning struck the hour very slowly and faintly instead of in its usual vigorous fashion, it attracted the attention of its owner, who dropped his paper, looked up and listened.

"I thought I wound it only two or three days ago," he remarked, "but it certainly sounds as if the striking part of it were pretty nearly run down."

Small Donald was interested, and, after the manner of his years, he watched and questioned curiously. Also he remembered. The next Sunday morning Uncle John was once more occupied with his reading, so comfortably and pleasantly occupied that he was reluctant to lay it aside, and made no movement to do so until his wife inquired whether he did not intend going to church.

"Oh, I—suppose so," he answered slowly and so hesitatingly that Donald eyed him wonderingly.

"Why, that sounds 's if the meeting side of you was pretty nearly run down, Uncle John!" he exclaimed, "Is it?"

Aunt Hannah laughed. Uncle John flushed and pushed the tempting magazine hastily aside. "Maybe, Donald, maybe," he admitted.—Youth's Companion.

Swat the Doubt.

Looking over a paper the other day we saw this planted way down in an off-corner of an inside page, whereas it deserves a more conspicuous place: "The doubt in your heart is the traitor which stands between you and your desire. You can never accomplish much, while you have a lurking suspicion as to your ability. Friendship will not grow unless there is perfect trust. Master the doubt which ties your hands and starves your spirit. Confidence is essential to conquest." This is so true that it should be proclaimed from the housetops. Some one has said that temperament is everything and spoke with much reason, but it would have been more literally true had he said confidence is everything. Between want of confidence and empty conceit, the latter is the lesser of two great evils. A respectful deference to others' superior attainments and the recognition of personal limitations is commendable and praiseworthy, but it should never cross the boundary into distrust of self or give birth to a suspicion of having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. General Foch says that a man is not whipped until he believes he is whipped.

If a man accepts each reverse as a temporary check he will never be ultimately defeated. Every person was put on earth for some purpose and it is up to him to find out what it is. He has the stuff to do it with if he will only believe in it and develop it. The biggest thing that could happen to humanity, perhaps, would be the driving from hosts of people the haunting distrust of self and put an end to the cruel suffering it brings about. An old saw proclaims that a brave man dies but one while a coward dies a thousand deaths. An excess of confidence which into egotism and is very nauseating may bring a person many a deserved punishment, but the self-distrustful person is tortured by a thousand cruelties. A man does not have to carry a chip on his shoulder or be offensively assertive to get along with the world and himself, but he should always have the conviction that he can and will sustain himself as a man among men. As a man thinks, so he is. If no confidence in himself is shaken, it is time for him to get on a new line of thinking—which he can do if he will.—The Orphans Friend.

With a Song on Their Lips

There is an inspiration in the picture of 100,000 Americans—the flower of our nation's young manhood—going singing into battle. Such a scene, through presented in but a single sentence by the cable, thrills all who read it. We seem to see that gallant army advancing with sunlit faces, to which the confidence of a great and just cause and the certainty of ultimate victory impart a splendid enthusiasm that can best find its expression in song.

If any one ever had a thought that the hearts of our people are not in this war, that thought is now dispelled. For many months past the war spirit has been growing, until now it has become a national conviction that this Republic, with its unlimited resources, must take its part in the gigantic struggle between despotism and democracy. As we see our brave lads departing by tens of thousand to join their brothers at the front, the spirit of America is awakened within us and our hearts and prayers go with them.

Always, down the whole line of our national life, we have fought on the side of freedom and humanity. Now we are at the crossroads in the greatest of struggles, and for the same principles for which American blood has been poured out on many a battlefield. We shall not regret sacrifices if they come, for the cause is one which we firmly believe has the divine approval. And it is in this spirit, this belief, that our men, advancing on the plains of Picardy, go singing to the front. They fight that tyranny may fall, that liberty may be made secure for the nations of earth, and that wars may cease and enduring peace be restored to the world. May God bless them and keep them! May he who is ever on the side of righteousness, fight with them against the enemy, and crown their efforts with such results as will be a glorious augury for the future welfare of the world.—Christian Herald.

Hymn to Our Soldiers and Sailors.

God bless our soldiers
Guard them each day
Make them victorious
O'er all the way
In the great conflict
May they endure
God bless our soldiers
Make vict'ry sure.

God bless our sailors
Whate'er betide
May they at all times
In the abide
Midst all the dangers
In the great fight
God bless our sailors
Fighting for right.

Soldiers and sailors
So far away
Needing Thy comfort
In the grim fray
Bless Thou their loved ones
Whate'er their need
Be Thou forever
Their friend indeed.

The Ideals of a News Paper.

Mirror of the public mind; interpreter of the public intent; trouble of the public conscience.

Reflector of every human interest; friend of every righteous cause; encourager of every generous act.

Bearer of intelligence; dispeller of ignorance and prejudice, light shining in all dark places.

Promoter of civic welfare and pride; bond of civic unity; protector of civic rights.

Scourge of evil doers; exposer of secret inquities; unrelenting foe of privilege and corruption.

Voice of the lowly and oppressed; advocate of the friendless; righter of pulic and private wrongs.

Chronicler of acts; sifter of rumor and opinions; minister of the truth that makes men free.

Reporter of the news; remembrancer of the old and tried; herald of what is to come.

Defender of civic liberty; strengthener of loyalty; pillar and stay of democratic government.

Upbuilder of the home; nourisher of the community spirit; art, letters and science of the common people.
—Detroit News.

Language was given to us so that we might say pleasant things to one another

A cyclist who stopped at a village inn boasted about his abilities as a rider to such an extent that the landlord ventured to make a wager with him.

"Look here, mister," said the inn keeper, "you can't ride up and down this road till the church clock strikes six."

"Done," said the cyclist. "It's just close on five now," and the next minute he was speeding down the road.

After about an hour's riding the cyclist shouted to one of the bystanders, of whom many had assembled:

"I say, has the church clock struck six yet?

"No, you idiot," was the blunt reply. "Our church clock never strikes at all."—London Tit-Bits.

Our main hope for an early peace was founded on the fact that thieves nearly always fall out among themselves and begin to fight. It has not come to pass in Germany yet. The Kaiser and his followers have set out to plunder the world, but unlike the Mexican thieves, they have not as yet begun to fight over the spoils of war. We should welcome a quarrel between Wilhelm and von Hindenburg, but this is a vain hope, and the Germans may have to have some sense beat into their heads.

Esteem and love were never to be sold.—Pope.

* * *

Send us your renewal.

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W. H. Belk, Charlotte, N. C.

Belk Bros.

Charlotte, N. C.

Department Stores.

Our stocks are very complete now in Dress Goods, Silks, White Goods of all kinds.

Our Ready-to-wear Department invites your careful consideration when ready to make a purchase. We buy for 18 stores in North and South Carolina. Have a New York buyer giving all his time looking for and securing the very best at inside prices.

Try us on Coat Suits, Dresses, Shirt Waists, Seperate Skirts, etc.

We can and will save you money.

We handle the old and very reliable Warners and W. B. Corsets in all the new models price $1.00 to $5.00.

We carry a very large and complete line of Ladies Hosiery, Gordon, Kaysen, Phoenix, Burson, Buster Brown etc., 25c to 2.00. All colors and white and black.

Have you seen our line of Philipino Hand Embroidered Underwear. Write us about it.

Very fine shoes and beautiful prices. $1.98 to $4.95.

Ladies Silk, Crepe Dechine Underwear in pink or white, all kinds of garments. 98c all the way to $9.95. Write us about these.

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All Branches.

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Real Estate.

Write or See:

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Registered **Holstein Male Calf For Sale**

This calf is a Purebred and CAN be registered. He is a Beauty and an exeptional Bargain to a quick Buyer.

ALSO A FEW

Nice Grade Holstein Heifers.

Very Desirable and Moderately Priced. Apply to

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Pianos and Player-Pianos.

First Class in every way. I can save you money. Write for cuts and prices.

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
Statesville, N. C.
TELEPHONE ENGAGEMENTS,
'Phone 187. Hours 8 to 5.
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO CHILDREN'S TEETH.

W. G. JARRELL MACHINE CO.

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The best equipped repair shop in the Carolinas. We make a specialty of Corliss Engine and Pump repairs.
Night or Day Except Sundays.
Phone 367 Night Call 2006-r

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Shoe repairing a specialty.
STATESVILLE, N. C.